THE COMMONWEAL

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ANOTHER LESSON FROM SPAIN

THE FACT that in Spain, as in all countries where dictatorial governments rule, a rigid censorship of the press is applied to all news sent out of the country as well as to that published for home consumption gives a special importance to the despatch sent from Madrid on August 30 by the staff correspondent of the Universal Service, a Hearst organization. This despatch bears all the signs of being a "trial balloon" intended to test public opinion outside of Spain in regard to the drastic plan for dissolving the religious orders, and seizing all church property, which has been written into the new constitution prepared for submission to the Cortes but not yet adopted. Even so ardent a supporter of the revolution as Miguel de Unamuno recently protested this proposed spoiliation of the Church, a fact which fully proves that opposition to the measure is by no means confined to the Catholics. There are many Republicans, and even many Socialists, who while determined to separate the Church from the State are still holding out against the extreme demands of the more radical wing of the government. That the government is willing to let such despatches as the Universal Service article of August 30 pass its censorship indicates that the bitterly anti-religious element is gaining the upper hand, to the extent, at least, of testing the reaction of the world outside of Spain to their program.

The despatch in question might as well have been written by the press representative of the anti-religious wing of the government, so strongly does it convey the sort of view which the anti-religious leaders hope to impress upon world opinion. "While Spain, 'the most Catholic nation,' undoubtedly remains true to the ancient faith, the Republican leaders resent the influence of the clergy in politics," says the despatch. "They hope to make capital of this resentment by gaining at least $100,000,000 worth of the finest land, buildings and investments, besides halting a heavy drain on the treasury occasioned by annual subsidies for charitable institutions and other organizations operated by the Church." But the despatch does not add what, however, is also true, that the plan of the anti-religious leaders include not merely the seizure of all church property, but also the total suppression of all education other than a strictly secular system directed by the State, and making anti-religious teachings a dominant part of its program.

Puzzled readers well may ask how any such a pro-

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gram could be proposed, still less be in a fair way to be put into effect, if Spain is still "the most Catholic country," and "undoubtedly remains true to its ancient faith." It is the intention of the controlling element of the revolution, however, to explain this apparent anomaly through powerful propaganda seeking to drive a wedge between the Catholic clergy, portrayed as reactionary tools, or even leaders, of the monarchists and the capitalists, and the laity, pictured as the victims of priestly oppression and welcoming their Socialist champions and deliverers.

American Catholics, while they watch the struggle in Spain, may well ponder the lesson which the situation holds for them. That lesson has many important aspects, to which we shall turn our attention later on; but at present we point to one thing which it brings home to us with special force, namely, the fact that the anti-religious press of Spain, which aided so effectively in bringing about the revolution, and now serves its masters in preparing Spain and the exterior world as well for the war on the Church which the new constitution will attempt to legalize, has been efficiently organized, skilfully edited and brilliantly written, while the Catholic press, on the contrary, with a few exceptions, has been weak and insignificant and exerted no effect upon public opinion outside of Spain. The one exception to this general rule was and is the Catholic daily of Madrid, *El Debate*. But the Republicans and the Socialists possessed—and still, of course, possess—scores of daily newspapers, and influential, lively weekly reviews, served by professional journalists and high literary talents. In every industrial center in Spain there is a strong Socialist organ. The Socialist daily of Madrid circulates in every town in the peninsula. The Communist and Syndicalist press is not so well organized or financed as the Republican and Socialist press, but it swarms in large numbers, being what the Spanish term "a mosquito press," making up in its stinging, not to say poisonous, quality, for its lack of stability. All these papers—Republican, Socialist, Communist or Syndicalist—were in full blast before and during the municipal elections which brought about the revolution. During the dictatorship prior to the revolution there was a censorship, but only the most flagrant sort of anti-monarchical writings were suppressed. The most virulent attacks upon the Church—not merely the "clerical" side of the Church, but the very principles and doctrines of Christianity—were constantly and bitterly assailed, a fact which shows how small a control of the monarchical government the Church really exercised.

In the United States there is, of course, no formidable political party nor an extensive press which is definitely committed to an anti-Catholic or anti-religious policy, although there are signs of the advent of such phenomena. But it is certain that the secular press in large, if not predominant, part, represents pure and simple indifference to religion, and is catering more and more to a society already dechristianized in its largest number. And at the same time, the Catholic press, opposing this huge and growing mass of paganism, is as weak, if not weaker, than the Catholic press of Spain that made so futile a struggle against the hostile power of a well-organized and virile minority. No factor of the Catholic problem in our country more needs thoughtful consideration—to be followed by positive action—than the strengthening of our press.

WEEK BY WEEK

IT WOULD not have occurred to any mature person before the war to suppose that he might live to see a time when the British pound would wobble perceptibly. The history of that pound is a chronicle of monetary stability throughout the capitalistic age. Other currencies might careen toward the zero point, but His Majesty's sovereign was as omnipresent as Tommy Atkins and quite as dependable. Nevertheless the incredible has occurred. Those who still take the current depression lightly may well ponder the size of the credits marshalled in support of sterling. First came $250,000,000, all of which was promptly used up in an unsuccessful stabilization effort. And now the banks of New York and Paris have offered $400,000,000 more, adjudged sufficient to weather the tide until the new government can trim the budget. The trimming operation to date pretty well follows the example set by the German reform plan. Salaries in the civil service will be reduced; the dole is to be slashed 10 percent. Capital held abroad will be "mobilized" to offset the steady retreat of funds. It seems likely enough that there will be plenty of political opposition to such measures, but the coalition—even with labor entirely out of the picture—promises to be considerably stronger than the Bruening régime. But can it succeed eventually? The world must await the answer with no little anxiety.

The Bulwark of Britain

APPARENTLY the federal government desires to keep its own chef out of the relief kitchen, from which millions must be fed during the coming winter. Mr. Hoover has contented himself with inducing Mr. Walter S. Gifford, a first-class man, to become director of federal unemployment relief. This office has no financial status; and since Congress will meet too late to effect a change, Mr. Gifford will probably act as a psychological live wire. From several points of view this decision is undoubtedly wise. The national government is not equipped to distribute relief, or to see that moneys raised go to those in need of them. On the other hand, communities and commonwealths will find it exceedingly difficult to finance the sustenance venture. Dominantly rural states will hardly assume with great alacrity the burden of caring for a hard-pressed city, and not a few municipalities are already on the verge of serious

The Relief Program

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financial trouble. In consequence, the remarks of Senator Couzens, of Michigan, are decidedly to the point. Remarking on "the strain that many states and their political subdivisions are under in the collection of taxes," the Senator added that in his opinion "the federal government could coöperate with the states, not in the way of permanent legislation, but temporary legislation to carry us over this period of excessive unemployment." That Mr. Couzens was a big enough man, however, not to let his convictions regarding method interfere with his actions is proved by his contingent promise of $1,000,000 to the Detroit relief fund. In all probability the chief way out of the distress will be through similar grants of charity by individuals. If Mr. Gifford can evoke a few of these grants, his office will no doubt receive all the justification it is after.

G. B. S. on the U. S. S. R.

WHATEVER one's a priori distrust of Mr. Shaw's findings on Soviet Russia (appearing in the New York *Times*), one ought presumably to consider them with care. Yet somehow one's attention keeps straying to his style. The great Communistic state, which enlisted his unqualified enthusiasm, has done what was beyond the power of any of the things which, in the past, have merely enlisted his enmity: whether doctors or marriage laws or romanticism or home ties or vaccination or religion or the eating of meat. It has made him violent without making him amusing. When one can make oneself attend with concentration to what he has to say, there is nothing surprising in it—and little, it may be added, that one would grudge him the saying of. He has wanted a Socialists' paradise all his life, and now, at its hoary latter end, has perhaps earned the right to think he has found one. The description of a land where "the people are healthy and carefree and full of hope"; where the "secret tribunal" which has the power of life and death, though accountable to no one, never acts with malice; where, though "private property is high treason, . . . personal possessions are far more secure than in London or Chicago"; where, from end to end of the country, "there is no need and no room for any idler, parasite or exploiter," is a little like a map of the island valley of Avalon. It does not precisely diffuse an air of realism, but as a subjective picture of aspiration, it is rather touching withal.

BUT WHEN we come to the mode of its expression, that is different. That is a shock. Imagine the old-time elfin urbanity which enchanted friends and disarmed foes, descending to the dreary imitativeness of this: "The current American anti-Russian bosh and boloney," or to a pun so really excruciating as "Babbittriolic logic"! Imagine that once sparkling pen emitting such dull-witted schoolboy vaunts as: "Offer Stalin Mr. Hoover's job and emoluments and see what he will say to you"; or "In Russia the gangster would have as much chance of survival as a rat in a yard full of terriers"! This man used to say things like: "My wife is a born wife and mother. That's why all my children ran away from home"; and "There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire, the other is to get it"—elliptical, wing-brushing things that might be only partly true, but were unanswerable and unforgettable. His acutely critical sense of the petulant, the heavy handed, the obvious, showed always in the types which voiced them in his pages. What an experience to find him *in propria persona* talking like his own conception of an overearnest American millionaire or buffle-headed British admiral! Mounting, for instance, to this brilliant climax of admonition: "I have cited enough to make even the most absurd American . . . remember when he feels tempted to lecture Russia on the wickedness of her social and political morals . . . that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones"; or clumping along to a concluding contrast between "foolish, respectable Americans" who "try to save the credit of their teaching by denying the facts" and "sensible, respectable Americans" who will face "the stupendous possibility that the United States may have something edifying to learn from Moscow." If this is what intellectual fulfilment has done to one of the most distinguished wits of English literature, we can only feel that it is an eloquent commentary on the quality of that fulfilment—and only regret that he did not go unsatisfied to the grave.

A Man of Ideas

WITH deep regret we note the passing of Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, noted as a poet, lecturer and genuinely representative American Catholic. He came to the United States from Ireland as a boy, retaining the kindly enthusiasms of his native country but developing a spirited love for those traditions of the New World which he believed were capable of creating a better social and religious environment than Europe had been able to maintain. During recent years he was particularly interested in effecting a right method of resistance to onslaughts against the ideal of tolerance. Remembering the methods employed by Bishop England and other stanch churchmen of yore, he sought to meet Protestants on their own ground, to disarm their suspicions by his own courtesy, and to demonstrate that the ethical purposes to which they clung were likewise sacred to the Catholic mind. Frequently he set down his views on such matters in letters addressed to THE COMMONWEAL. We have reason to know both the fine and reasonable hopes upon which those communications were based, and the salutary effect many of them had over a wider area than their author could have imagined. We differed with him on the matter of poetry. To us his verse seemed too journalistic for our more literary purpose; to him we were, well, too literary. Yet this disagreement did not affect a coöperation pleasant to recall, and for which our thanks follow him into eternity.

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THE TOURING mayors of American cities who furnished quite a few human interest items by reason of their behavior in France, have continued since their return home at least to try to bite dogs. Mayor John C. Porter of Los Angeles who made news for a time with his refusal to touch his lips to wine when toasts were proposed in French cities, and was called everything from a churl to a hero for this act, has evidently not been willing to let the matter rest since he returned to the land of prohibition. He sent to his companion mayors, also safely home in their own precincts, some pure bottled water, with the proposal for no reason at all, except that the idea just struck him, that they should all drink a toast in water to France. Acting Mayor Barclay Robinson of Hartford, a former Yale athlete, is reported to have refused, believing, he said, it was poor taste to drink a toast in water. Exactly how he meant this he did not particularize. However, seeming to feel that this rebuff to Mayor Porter was not enough, he referred the bottle of water to the State Department of Health for analysis. This reflects the true Continental attitude toward the dangers of drinking water. Who knows that if a careful analysis were made, it could not be proved that water has been the occasion of more disease, weakness and death than ever good red and white wines caused?

The Merry Mayors

THE REPORT on infantile paralysis issued by Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, is heartening in two ways. To the extent that the known is less terrifying than the unknown, it is bound to alleviate anxiety by its calm and complete formulation of the nature, source and symptoms of this scourge of childhood. In addition, it offers positive evidence that the number of cases is declining, general immunity to the infection is growing and medical treatment of it is gaining in sureness. Its "endemic home," according to Dr. Flexner, is Scandinavia, and it is only about twenty years since it spread from there to the rest of the world. Its comparative newness here is apparently one of the factors which have lent it the force to ravage; merely being exposed to the germ renders a portion of the populace immune from future contagion, and such exposure has not yet been general. Even so, it may be noted, there is a distinct gain perceptible as between the present epidemic and the one which raged in 1916. The July death rate in New York City, the center of attack, is, by figures published by the United States Public Health Service, only one-third of the July death rate in 1916; and a comparison of the cases reported throughout the country for the first seven months of the two contrasted years shows a present record of 1,779 against a past figure of 6,767. The supplementing report of the New York Health Department shows that the curve of the disease's incidence is already dropping rapidly. These facts and Dr. Flexner's demonstration of the development of the use of preventive serum, are surely a *Sursum corda* after the tragedy all of us have witnessed and some of us have shared.

Infantile Paralysis

AMERICANS should indeed feel proud of their yachtsmen who sailed across the Atlantic in vessels all under a hundred feet long, and soon after arriving in England entered one of the largest and sportiest races in English waters, a thrash of approximately five hundred nautical miles in open sea and channel chop. Then to have the American yachts come in first, second and third through some of the dirtiest weather within the memory of English veterans of the race, is history of the same almost incredible sort as the famous America's achievement in coming in so far ahead of the British yachts that watchers from the shore did not even know she was racing. The most sincere compliment that we can think to pay English yachtsmen in the circumstances, is that to have been able to do this in competition with them really is cause for irrepressible glee. The valiant little yawl, Dorade, sailed by her owner-designer, Olin J. Stephens, of Scarsdale, New York, clinched her winning of the transatlantic race, by again coming in well ahead in the English classic. William McMillan's schooner, Water Gipsy, of Baltimore, Maryland, which came in second, and George Roosevelt's schooner, Mistress, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, which placed third, also deserve to be named. The death of Colonel Hudson, skipper of the English yacht, Maitenes II, who was washed overboard when all hands had to abandon ship in the terrific squall off Fastnet, is deeply to be regretted.

Who Rules the Waves?

UPON the announced discovery of the Czechoslovakian scientist Dr. Stoklasa that the Alpha, Beta and Gamma rays of radium can postpone old age indefinitely, we are unable to comment. It may indeed be that "old age is simply a state in which the tissues of the body have become deoxidized," and that the above classical-sounding agents do prevent the process. We maintain in the matter what has been well described as an attitude of reverent agnosticism. But upon the observation made by the French scientist Dr. Vachet, we do feel qualified to say a word. "Humanity," said Dr. Vachet, "is much better off without any prospect of such artificial prolongation of life. . . . I believe that by [the age of 100] most of them would be quite ready to take the long rest that nature has ordained and to make way for the rising generation." This simply stated truth, that men as men know to be truth, falls strangely into that atmosphere of childish and factitious optimism that men as scientists have rather specially fostered. Strangely and sanely. Men don't want to live indefinitely because this life isn't good enough. Steadily regarded, the fact does not contract our hopes and efforts. It enlarges our vision.

Extending Life

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WANTED: SILVER COFFINS

BARKING Colt automatics in crowded streets announce that another battle is on between the police and desperados staging a get away, or a little private massacre arranged, sometimes with astounding nonchalance, by the dukes of gangland. A toll of innocent lives is exacted. It takes huge sums of money—millions and millions of dollars, in fact—to poultice this social infection. But the thing spreads anyhow, affecting political and police organizations, flinging a morbid spell on young men. Finally a revolver begins to seem the very symbol of American urban society. The news bristles with bullets, fired by girls at their paramours, by husbands at their wives, by criminals at innocent children. Then finally the said symbol reaches epic magnitude. A police commissioner informs an audience of many thousands that his men are on the firing line—that their guns are pitted against the guns of gangland, in a fight to the finish. Silver coffins, gentlemen, silver coffins!

Then we are all a bit shocked and begin to think. Prohibition is roundly berated for having evoked an illicit industry which balances its budget with murder. Somebody rediscovers the narcotic trade, which flourishes in spite of constant vigilance. The movies are in for a sound trouncing, though most of us beamed happily over last week's film, which Mottleface Bill enlivened with his own particular species of ping-pong. Or is the trouble due, as Governor Roosevelt indicated, to public reluctance to supply information and assistance?

Doubtless all these things are abettors of crime. The sum-total of lawlessness which can be traced to the Eighteenth Amendment is no tribute to the social far-sightedness of the republic. Without narcotics, most daredevils would go out of business. The movies are silly and perversive. And as the governor says, modern city dwellers lack the vitamin diet which, in the Northwest for example, musters a whole community in pursuit of a murderer. "I do not thing it is so much cowardice," so run the gubernatorial remarks, "as the old cry of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'." And he is right. We have failed our brethren, indeed.

But—strange though it may seem—there are gangs in Berlin, where there is no prohibition and virtually no traffic in narcotics among outlaws. There were plenty of gangs in Sicily, before such an affair as a movie was heard of. There are gangs on the frontier, where men are men. During the era of Klu Klux Klan activity in the Middle West, groups of thugs were imported into otherwise peaceful communities for the purpose of putting a damper on counteractivity. It will not do, therefore, to see in prohibition and the other matters enumerated more than contributory causes—or, maybe, symptoms. We in the United States have more crime than other peoples do because these matters, these contributory causes, are bound up with our social order.

The only places in which organized lawlessness does not flourish are places in which community energies are in equilibrium. Granted, let us say, a state in which everyone has work or at least a chance to work; where the forces of government are above major suspicion; where the church influences the consciences of individuals as well as of the community: and here you will find little crime that cannot be attributed to psychiatric aberrations.

From our national point of view, the absence of all these conditions at present is plain and startling. In a spirit of pride we continue to assume that our economic structure is so nearly perfect that organized reckoning with unemployment as something normal to an industrial civilization is still frowned upon. Because of endless bickering and intellectual inefficiency, we maintain that religion can retain its vitality in an educational vacuum. Once said, always said, is our collective attitude toward the presumably still "noble experiment." Public use of popular arts is chaotically absurd. But underneath all these things there is the assumption that the American political system, as constituted, can function without automatically breeding lawlessness.

We are the only country in the world in which there exist no carefully defined relations between federal, state and municipal authorities. Having proceeded toward a top-heavy centralization, we are now without a way of making the misplaced emphasis trickle back down the line again. On the other hand, we have completely drained the concept of authority. Particularly in municipal activities, authority is conferred as a whole by the ballot-box, who controls and manipulates virtually every part of the complicated administrative mechanism. In practice this means privilege, graft, bargaining, grandstand play. It is not that we are without a bureaucracy—we have as much of one as any other nation on earth. But our bureaucracy does not stand on its own feet. Group spirit outside party associations is impossible to it. Nor is any similar spirit attributable to public opinion. At present this has no personable force whatever. Mr. Hoover, for example, treats it as he might an electric current. He tries to turn it on or off—which is probably the only compliment it deserves.

Not ten years of prosperity, not twelve years of prohibition, have created our crime wave. The cause is rather that we have permitted ten years of prosperity and twelve years of prohibition to blind us to the seriousness of a political crisis. We hold no brief for Signor Mussolini or for his form of government. But Mussolini got rid of crime in Italy. His method was neither alcohol, nor bigger and better cinemas, nor a vitamin diet. It was the clear, straight, simple expedient of establishing a government which could be relied upon to do what it was supposed to do. The United States has had almost equally good government, generally speaking, at several moments in its history. It can have it again if it wants to. The prevalence of crime is merely one spur to its flagging will.

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MR. HOOVER'S ASTRONOMY

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

SINCE President Hoover took the lead in an international effort to prevent the financial collapse of Germany, the politically minded in both parties have been trying to estimate the effect which his intervention in European affairs will have on the fortunes of the man who, unless all signs fail, will go before the electorate next year for a vote of confidence in his administration. The national campaign is just around the corner. Mr. Hoover may not have had the slightest thought of his own fortunes when he suggested a moratorium on debts and reparations, supplementing this with the plan of financial relief presented by Secretaries Stimson and Mellon at London. But the political analysts lost no time in translating the intervention in terms of electoral votes in 1932. No President can hope to escape these calculations; every move he makes is weighed in the scales of the next election.

Before he made public announcement of his plan for European relief, Mr. Hoover was wise enough to assure himself in advance of the support of Democratic and Republican leaders in Congress. Without congressional approval, the executive has no authority to agree to forego the payments due this country by the former Allied governments. So far as the canvass went, there was apparently no dissenting voice. At this writing, it is taken for granted that Congress will approve the President's action in foregoing the interest and other payments that are due us this year. That Congress will repudiate the President's commitments is unthinkable.

Yet this does not necessarily mean that the plaudits will all be enduring, and that a backfire of troublesome criticism may not be in the making. Danger clouds may come from two directions: from those groups who contrast the administration's generosity to our European debtors, with its alleged lack of sympathy for American farmers in distress, and the unemployed; and second, trouble may come from the so-called "isolationists" who were quick to see in the presence of Stimson and Mellon in London the projection of the United States into the politics of the Old World, and the abandonment of our traditional policy of no foreign entanglements.

President Hoover made his proposal at a time when the United States was in the grip of the world-wide depression. Here at home there was much unemployment; economic difficulties have mounted sky-high. Resolutely setting its face against direct aid to the groups in distress, the administration has frowned on all proposals for the dole, or appropriations out of the Treasury for their relief. The Federal Farm Board, again—and the President, in effect, has backed its stand—has refused to obey the insistent demand of the corn belt that it agree to keep out of the market the 250,000,000 bushels of wheat bought and held in storage as part of its stabilization program. So strong has been the feeling in the corn belt that the board's policy is partly responsible for driving the price of wheat downward, thus cutting still further into the farmer's slender margin of profit, that Vice-president Curtis, Majority Leader Watson and Senator Capper of Kansas, and others normally classed as administration stalwarts, have directed their artillery against Chairman Stone and his associates. Say the farmers to the administration, in effect: "You are willing to give Europe close to three hundred million dollars of American money, but you won't sacrifice for the American farmers the few millions of dollars that this wheat would bring if part of it were sold."

Human nature is much the same the world over. Farmers with a bumper wheat crop, but with no market where they can dispose of it successfully, are not apt to have the broader vision which enables them to grasp the relationship between the President's plan for European relief, and the speeding up of the world's return to prosperity. As time goes on, others may criticize the President because, while ready to help Europe, he is unwilling to help Americans out of work or in distress, by endorsing a "prosperity loan" of billions, or approving other direct appropriations out of the Treasury. In the not direct future, here may lie the nucleus of many an attack on the administration by its political foes.

The isolationists, if they take the field, will seek public support in a double appeal. In the first place, many Americans cherish a deep-rooted objection to any meddling, or intervention, in European affairs. While President Hoover and his advisers have succeeded in a rather masterly way in avoiding any political commitments, such as political or security guarantees to France, the fact remains that the United States became literally overnight the dominant factor in the European situation. It was President Hoover who put forward the original proposal to save Germany from bankruptcy; it was the United States which formulated a concrete plan for further relief through a guarantee of existing credits, and it was the United States again, unless we read the story wrong, which was chiefly responsible for bringing France into line, after a trying period of uncertainty when the success of the Hoover plan seemed to hang in the balance. Now that we have taken the responsibility of setting Europe's financial house in order, can we hope to avoid, ask the isolationists, the assumption of future responsibilities whenever another crisis or emergency arises across the Atlantic? Here are the themes and arguments for many a speech by those who hold to the view that what happens in Europe is of no concern to us.

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But the isolationists have another string to their bow, one with a pocketbook appeal. That we have not heard the last of debts and reparations seems to be generally agreed. In words that are open to no charge of equivocation, President Hoover has stated:

> The repayment of debts due to us from the Allies for the advances for war and reconstruction was settled upon a basis not contingent upon German reparations, or related thereto. Therefore, reparations are necessarily wholly a European problem with which we have no relation. I do not approve in any remote sense of the cancellation of the debts to us. World confidence would not be enhanced by such action.

Though the administration has not changed its views on war debts, and though Mr. Hoover appears to stand on exactly the same ground on which his predecessor, Calvin Coolidge, stood, the moratorium plan has put the cancellation issue more prominently forward than ever before. The plan has been hailed by many as an opening wedge for a revision of war debts and reparations and, if this happens, the isolationists have a fine opportunity for pocketbook appeals to the voter by holding up to him President Hoover as the man responsible for giving the cancellation drive its impetus; and there will be a chance for speech-making aplenty in showing how many billions this will cost the American taxpayer.

The moves for European relief made by the President, together with his emphasis on disarmament, have turned the spotlight, at least for the moment, on foreign rather than economic issues. Politically, this may prove advantageous or, again, it may prove disastrous. We cannot tell as yet. We have only to recall Woodrow Wilson, and the tragic adventure of his fight for the Treaty of Versailles, and the League of Nations, to realize how great pitfalls may surround the path of an American President who picks as his main issue, the participation by the United States in world affairs. Mr. Hoover, however, has this advantage in his position: his policies involve no direct political commitments; they rest not on a long-distance philanthropy, but on the foundations of practical economies. They appeal to the sound common sense of the American business man, who knows as he never knew before that there is a direct relation between the economic well-being of foreign countries and that of the United States, and that at bottom the United States has been working in its own interests. In laboring for a better world economic order, President Hoover has made the strongest sort of appeal to the business men and bankers and industrialists of this country. It may well be that the commendation of this group in the last analysis will neutralize any attacks by the isolationists, and those who criticize the administration for paying more attention to the difficulties of Europe than to the troubles of the American farmer and workingman.

The emphasis which President Hoover has placed on world economic problems throws a challenge to the Democrats which that party, in due season, will no doubt try to meet. For the moment, the Democratic party, at least its representatives in Congress, will, as we have seen, support the President's program. Other problems of world economics, however, will press for attention after Congress has given its necessary approval to the President's war debt holiday proposal—such problems as cancellation of debts and reparations, tariffs and, in general, the reëstablishment of the economic life of the world on surer foundations. The Williamstown speech of Newton D. Baker, a possible Democratic candidate, is in this respect rather significant. As the drama develops, the Democrats will probably count it good politics to have a world economic program to offer to match that of President Hoover. Unless the situation suddenly shifts, world affairs are pretty sure to loom large in the 1932 campaign. Even if prosperity is the only issue, that issue must take into consideration the world situation, and not merely what is happening in the United States.

The only test of Mr. Hoover's intervention in European affairs must, in the last analysis, be a pragmatic test. If the moratorium, and the relief plan for Germany, lead to an improvement in economic conditions, if things here and abroad take a decided turn for the better, then Mr. Hoover stands to gain some handsome dividend of praise, credit and popularity. If, on the other hand, there is no appreciable relief, if the net result to us is the loss of one year's interest, with no compensating advantages of a pick up in foreign trade and a stimulation of industry at home, then Mr. Hoover will be blamed for making matters worse. The President made a bold move, one with no small risks attached to it. Yet even the Democrats admit he will be a harder man to beat. If business improves this fall and winter, his intervention in Europe may assume a still larger significance on the political side, and prove to be one of his major assets in next year's campaign.

Godmother

There was an old lady
Who had three faces,
One for everyday,
And one for wearing places—
To meetings and parties,
Dull places like that—
A face that looked well
With a grown-up hat.
But she carried in her pocket
The face of an elf,
And she'd clap it on quick
When she felt like herself.
Sitting in the parlor
Of somebody's house,
She'd reach in her pocket
Sly as a mouse . . .
And there in the corner,
Sipping her tea,
Was a laughing elf-woman
Nobody could see!

PHYLLIS B. MORDEN.

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GLORIFYING THE CRIMINAL: I

By MORROW MAYO

THROUGHOUT the country the newspapers are telling the American people what factors are responsible for so much crime in the United States. Editorial writers blame industrial competition, prohibition, unemployment, public apathy. They denounce the politicians, excoriate the police, point the finger at finance and business. In fact, they attack almost everybody and everything except one agency which must be included in the general indictment, and that is the American press itself.

Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney of New York City makes the direct charge that the publicity which criminals receive is a major cause of crime. Among other things, he says:

> Your young stick-up man, ordinarily a boy of about nineteen, unemployed and not particularly intelligent, reads the newspapers thoroughly, and sees such men as Al Capone and Legs Diamond as heroes. Publicity is responsible for that. Capone did not rate very highly when we knew him in Brooklyn, and Diamond was just a package thief on the West Side when I first knew him. The newspapers made both of these men.

Two New York tabloid newspapers, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily News,* ran sensational biographies of Al Capone as a daily feature. If Capone was not portrayed as Robin Hood, he was at least depicted in glowing colors as "The King of Crime"—a rich, powerful, magnetic, fabulous figure. I quote a very mild paragraph from the *News's* serial; it is comment on the funeral of the late Dion O'Banion, Chicago gangster:

> I can't tell you whether it was a better coffin than the one Rudolph Valentino used in his last appearance. I didn't see it. But from all accounts it was an exquisite silver-grey box grand enough even for such a wonderful fellow as O'Banion.

And here is a paragraph taken at random from the *Mirror's* story:

> Capone wanted insurance, for the guns had roared again, with the vengeful O'Banions pushing the offensive. Hell-bent, the three musketeers, Drucci, Moran and Weiss, had come riding across No Man's Land; over the Madison Street deadline; past the Capone G. H. Q., at the Metropole Hotel; on south to Fifty-fifth and State Streets, where they had let Capone's sedan have it with sawed-off shotguns and machine guns.

Thousands of young men are devouring these thrillers, or others like them, and wishing that they, too, were "wonderful fellows" and bold "musketeers." How do we know what they are wishing? We know it because there is concrete evidence that many of them are translating their wishes into action. For hardly a day passes in any large city that some youth—arrested for murder, robbery or other violent crime—does not declare to the police that he "did it" because he wanted to be like those glamorous characters he has read about in the newspapers. The gangster, gunman, racketeer and rum runner (as pictured by the press) are to many young men what Young Wild West and Deadwood Dick were to thousands of youths a generation ago.

The tabloids are by no means solely responsible for glorifying the American gangster. With few exceptions the entire American press serves as a barker for crime and a press agent for criminals. The duty of a press agent is to get his client publicity. The newspapers render the gangster that service free of charge. They print his picture, place him before the public, underscore him as a raider and killer, and thereby enable him to increase his power, his fame, his wealth and his following. Nor do they merely serve the gangster. As I write, a young woman is serving a short sentence in the Los Angeles county jail, convicted of defrauding her former employer. Two months ago she was unheard of. Today she is nationally known. Her picture, name and exploits have been ballyhooed by the newspapers all over the country, she is receiving stacks of "fan" mail, has been offered a dozen positions, and is now preparing to favor the public with her "life story." Who says that crime does not pay when properly publicized? The press, and the press alone, promoted and popularized this young felon.

Criminals, like most of us, love publicity. They know its value. But, unlike most of us, they do not object to unfavorable publicity—publicity that would ruin a respectable citizen. Criminals (especially organized gangsters who constitute the real menace against society) object to being photographed and written up only as cowards, squealers and corpses, but no other kind of so-called adverse publicity injures them. On the contrary, it aids them. The more dangerous a gangster is depicted, the better he can intimidate people. As Commissioner Mulrooney says:

> The tremendous publicity given these men enables them to make demands of citizens who are impressed by their reputations.

Many suicides, too, are notoriously inspired by suggestion. A few years ago, in a Southern city in which I was working, a girl drowned herself by wading into a river. It was a human interest story and the papers played it up to the limit. They told about the girl walking slowly into the river, the moonlight shining on her white face, her arms outstretched. The water, they said, seemed to be calling her. In less than a month two other girls killed themselves in exactly the same way. The first glamorous story undoubtedly gave them the idea—at least of adopting that romantic method. More than twenty persons have killed themselves by

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leaping from the span across the Arroyo Seco in Pasadena, California. Some of them came hundreds of miles to that particular span, for the West coast papers have popularized it as "Suicide Bridge." In another city in which I worked a few years ago, some woman telephoned the paper that she had seen a "blue face" at her window. Using this woman as a springboard the paper went into action. Carl Helm, now a reporter on the New York *Sun,* was assigned to write a series of imaginary stories about the ghostly "blue man" being seen here, there and another place at night. And after about three stories, people all over that city were 'phoning in that they had seen this terrible specter peeping in their windows, lurking in the shadows, and actually following them on dark streets. The city was frightened for a month—until the paper got tired of its new feature. These incidents are taken from my own experience. Newspaper men throughout America could augment them into a terrific indictment of the press.

Another way in which the printing of crime news undoubtedly encourages crime is by leading the public to believe that crime is safer than it is. A sensational robbery occurs. It is played up on the front pages. The robbers get away. Three months later the police apprehend them. They are, let us say, not "important" gangsters or, to use the newspaper phrase, there is "no class" to them. There is no news in repeating the details of this stale crime, pointing out that the robbers have now been arrested. A new crime occupies attention today. A sentence or so on the inside pages, if that much, is enough:

> Jim Jones, charged by police with robbing an Eighth Avenue store of $3,000 last December, was arrested in Brooklyn today.

Nor is there much news in it when Jim Jones is convicted and sent to the penitentiary; possibly none. Thus the reader has read a sensational story about a robbery in which the robbers escaped; he probably never hears about the subsequent arrest, conviction and sentence to Sing Sing. Even if he does, he does not identify the connection between the events. This happens day after day, so that what is gradually impressed upon the reader's mind is that there are lots of robberies, and apparently not many arrests or convictions for them.

The part that crime plays in the daily press is out of all proportion to its news value. Out of a city of 7,000,000 people a man, a shady character, is shot. That is not an extraordinary event in the daily life of the largest city in America. In fact, it is very trivial. The remarkable thing is that the newspapers reach down and pick this cheap shooting out of everything else that has happened among those 7,000,000 people, and focus attention on it. As legitimate news the shooting of Jack Diamond could have been dismissed with a few paragraphs on the inside pages. Instead, the story was "blown up" to the skies, ballyhooed like a circus. Every possible element of drama, mystery, sex and suspense was injected into it. At the time of this shooting I read a half-dozen small-town papers published in various parts of the country. All of them carried wild and lurid telegraph stories on the great event, and for several days that was the only news several of them printed from New York. Thus the shooting of this disreputable character (it was not even a killing) became the most important event in the life of the largest city in America, the one thing broadcast to the country at large.

This is not an exceptional case; it is merely the most recent. All the news services carry entirely too many crime stories, chiefly because crime makes sensational reading. I do not say that these stories do not provide good entertainment. I say that many of them have no actual news value in the communities in which they are printed. There is a very important distinction. The papers from one end of the country to the other are full of telegraph crime stories from distant sections which are not legitimate news to the people of the communities in which those papers are published. Thrilling perhaps, entertaining maybe, but not actually news, any more than a fictitious murder mystery is news.

The only paper in the United States which publishes absolutely no crime news is the *Christian Science Monitor.* It is therefore not a fully rounded newspaper, for it does not give a complete picture of current events. Some time ago, however, the specious charge was made that such a paper actually aided and abetted crime by suppressing news of the criminal's evil deed, and by failure to warn the community against him. That charge, which perhaps has a touch of plausibility when viewed in the abstract, becomes utterly ridiculous when applied specifically and concretely. No one but an idiot would say that the *Christian Science Monitor* aids and abets crime in Boston or anywhere else. How many criminals are caught as a result of newspaper publicity? My guess would be one in fifty thousand. On the other hand, police officials declare that the publicizing of a crime frequently hampers them and aids the criminal. Frequently we see something like this in the papers:

> Police believe the criminal may visit his former sweetheart, Lizzie Whosits, who lives at 724½ Gashouse Alley.

As if that were bona fide news to anybody except to Lizzie and the criminal. It is undoubtedly news to them, and good news. Reading it, a criminal does not require a vast amount of intelligence to decide that he had better keep away from Lizzie. So much police planning and searching, indeed, is rendered utterly worthless by reason of the newspapers generously giving the criminal advance notice of it, that the police have been forced to adopt a grotesque procedure to combat it. Instead of telling reporters what they think the criminal may do, the police tell them something which they have no idea that he may do, in the hope that when the papers print it, and the criminal reads it, he will do what the police actually believe he may do. A great proportion of all the space-filling newspaper speculation about crime is sheer gossip and fiction.

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UNAMUNO AND RECENT EVENTS

By COURTENAY DE KALB

Spain is being revealed as an exceedingly complex nation. It used to be simply Catholic and unprogressive, in most people's eyes; today it is plainly everything you like, and the foreign correspondents can take their choice. One especial phenomenon is the oddity of assorted liberals, not so long ago accepted by the up-to-date as wondrous great prophets. In the following paper Mr. De Kalb devotes some attention to this phenomenon. We shall say little about it excepting this: It seems to us one of the most interesting and important papers we have published in a long while.—The Editors.

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO has ventured to offer an explanation of the final Spanish colonial disaster in a recent article in *El Sol* of Madrid, reprinted in translation elsewhere, in which he has allowed his hostility to Alfonso XIII to lead him into that perversion of the truth which not uncommonly taints history written close enough to the events discussed to be discolored by prejudice. He affirms:

> The Spanish people realized that Santiago de Cuba was surrendered not because of knightly heroism but in order to save the monarchy: and since then (the Treaty of Paris), there has secretly been forming a feeling of discontent with the Hapsburg-Bourbon dynasty.

Had Unamuno said "Spain" where he wrote "monarchy" he would have stated the exact truth. General Weyler was beaten in Cuba long before either the European or the American public realized it. The Spanish people, with their better comprehension of Spanish weaknesses, suspected the truth more widely. Sagasta, the Prime Minister at the time, one of the wisest men among modern Spaniards, fully realized that the country was so close to the republican disturbances of the seventies as still to be threatened with the partition which had been the real and only reason for the restoration of the monarchy under Alfonso XII, a restoration participated in by such ardent republican patriots as Sagasta and Castelar. The republic had failed. It had become a case of separation into a number of minor kingdoms or principalities, after the manner of the Balkans, when Alfonso XII was called to endeavor to save the nation. He could be counted on, of course, to stand for Spanish unity, and the house of Bourbon was restored for no other reason. The present republic likewise is showing strong symptoms of disintegration in a similar manner in Catalonia and in the Basque provinces.

General Weyler had been reduced to the retention of a few Cuban ports and maintenance of a narrow, highly fortified lane connecting Havana on the north with Cienfuegos on the opposite side of the island. To prevent the disaster of a Balkanized Spain, Sagasta (and it must be remembered that he was in principle a thorough believer in republicanism) saw that the only hope lay in being conquered by so great a power as to offer Spain no possible chance. With due respect to the Monroe Doctrine, therefore, he conceived the idea of bringing on a war with the United States. He ran up against an unexpected difficulty, however, and it took longer than he had anticipated to bring it about. Under his orders General Weyler and his successor, General Blanco, subjected Americans resident in Cuba to all manner of indignities, against the violent protests of our consul general, Fitzhugh Lee. With no attempt at justification, American citizens were held without cause for long periods *incomunicado*, an offense that would have fully justified resort to arms. It so happened, on the other hand, that one of the heaviest contributors to the presidential campaign fund of the successful party had been the sugar trust, which was interested in the acquisition of more sugar-producing territory, and it understood that it would be difficult to withstand popular demand for the annexation of Cuba in the event of war with Spain.

Accordingly, some greater offense than the holding of American citizens to rot *incomunicado* in the jails of Cuba had to be resorted to for arousing the people of this country to demand war. There is an interesting story, which possesses some credibility, to the effect that Sagasta sent an attractive woman of the world to Havana to use her charms to induce an officer in the Spanish navy to display his devotion by placing and exploding a mine alongside the United States battleship, Maine. Be that as it may, a singular and most unaccountable mystery has carefully surrounded that disaster, even to the last, when the ship was raised and taken out and sunk in deep water. The Count of Romanones, for the last thirty-five years a prominent figure in Spanish politics, for the first time a member of the Cabinet under Sagasta, and also the last minister of state under the monarchy, states in his memoirs ("Notas de Una Vida," volume I, page 209, published by Renacimiento) that on the morning on which the news of the catastrophe was received in Spain he was breakfasting with Sagasta. He remarks:

> The blowing up of the Maine was and continues to be a mystery. Did Sagasta know the key to it? By something that I heard him say, and which I remember with perfect distinctness, so greatly did it impress me, I believe that he did. He said: ". . . Let us not talk of that; there are secrets that ought never to cease being secrets (No hablemos de esto; hay secretos que jamás deben dejar de serlo)."

At all events the desired object of Sagasta, the salvation of Spain, had been achieved.

One of the interesting poses of Spanish literary men in the days of Primo de Rivera was to seek exile in order to assist in the advertising of their books. It

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became extremely popular to go to Paris on such an errand. Very often no chances were taken of exile to less desirable spots, and the writers went to Paris in advance and hurled insults at the king from a safe retreat in the Latin Quarter, which would make their return to Spain risky. It is pitiable to discover that even Unamuno was not free from this taint. Speaking of the Moroccan difficulties which he terms erroneously "the misfortunes of the crusade policy," he refers to

> our campaign—which I carried out from my place of exile in France, where the dictatorship (sic) had sent me—was, even more than merely republican, against the monarchy, and even more than against the monarchy, against Alfonso.

It is an interesting fact that Unamuno was never an exile in France, if exile means to be prohibited from free return. He was, on the contrary, for a brief period an exile on the Island of Fuerteventura, one of the Canary group. The story of that brief exile is worth telling. He had been granted an audience by the king in an effort to reach an understanding for conciliatory coöperation. Instead of coöperating, he went to a popular meeting in Madrid and delivered an address in which he hurled such vituperation at His Majesty that there remained nothing for any self-respecting ruler to do but resort to some form of punishment. The king chose the mildest form, exile. Accordingly Unamuno received word to meet a well-known officer on the morning train for Seville. On arrival that evening, they were met by a numerous group of notable men, one of whom invited Unamuno and the accompanying officer to spend the night as his guests. The officer declined for himself, but said that Unamuno was free to accept, requesting, however, that he should report at the morning train for Cadiz, where once more hospitality was extended by a prominent gentleman which again was declined on the part of the officer. Thence Unamuno and his considerate companion set out for the Canary Islands.

The exile of Unamuno naturally created great excitement. The "horrors" of a semi-tropic isle, which is in fact one of a group comprising a winter health resort, were widely advertised. It greatly stirred another famous writer, the Italian, D'Annunzio, who conceived the heroic rescue of Unamuno, and outfitted a ship for that purpose. It so happened that there was nothing that the dictator, Primo de Rivera, enjoyed more than a joke. He was always pictured laughing and jesting. He saw an opportunity for a supreme jest at the expense of both D'Annunzio and Unamuno. No sooner had D'Annunzio set sail from a French port than Primo de Rivera issued a decree of general amnesty affecting all exiles. D'Annunzio returned to port, somewhat crestfallen. Unamuno left the Canary Islands, also disappointed. He had suffered an infringement of his dignity in being forced to share in a general amnesty. He would have felt that his case demanded something in the nature of an apology. On the contrary, he was permitted to find his way back to Spain among passengers on a common ship. The vessel touched at only one Spanish port, that of Vigo, for a single day. Unamuno went ashore visiting friends, but returned to the vessel in the evening, and with a spectacular gesture wiped the soil of Spain from his feet at the head of the gangplank, and then proceeded on to France. There he was free to thunder at Alfonso XIII to his heart's content. He now had ample justification, for he had been made the object of a jest by Primo de Rivera, and Alfonso had not intervened.

It is impossible to pass over another error without correction. In 1921 the Moroccan chieftain, Abd-el-Krim, rose in rebellion. He was a somewhat cultured man, and was discovered to maintain such close relations with Germany that he enjoyed the advantage of having numerous officers detailed to assist in what he hoped would wrest the Riff coast of Morocco entirely away from Spain. The interest of Germany in the case lay in the great mineral wealth of Beni-Urriaguel, the territory dominated by Abd-el-Krim, and other districts along the north coast. The most of these mining claims had been located by the great house of Mannesmann of Hamburg, in which Kaiser Wilhelm was reputed to hold an interest. The Count of Romanones had been too swift for Germany, however, in taking up one of the greatest iron mines in the world and developing it with Spanish capital, which gave Spain promise of becoming one of the dominant iron countries. This was the group of iron mines known as Monte Uixán, only a few miles from the famous port of Melilla. The success of the great coup of Abd-el-Krim would have placed the mines of Monte Uixán in the possession of the house of Mannesman. For several months these mines were actually in the hands of Abd-el-Krim. This introduction is essential in order to get the importance of what was at stake, which has been little understood among the Spanish. In fact, there has been widespread propaganda favoring the abandonment of Morocco, and ignoring the possibilities of developing vast mining and metallurgical operations on the Riff coast.

Queen Isabella the Catholic understood the necessity of hemming the African races back by a line of fortified posts, and she commissioned the Duke of Medina Sidonia to undertake their subjugation; later she sent Cardinal Ximenes, who was as much a warrior as he was distinguished as the great prelate who carried out the consolidation of the Spanish Apostolic Church with the Church of Rome, to the conquest of Oran. To be sure, she knew nothing of the future economic value of Morocco, but in her last will and testament she cautioned her heirs against surrendering that territory.

Discussing this matter, Unamuno remarks:

> The catastrophe of 1921 in Annual was attributed by public opinion to the king himself . . . who directed the attack of the unfortunate General Silvestre against Abd-el-Krim in order to insure for himself, by the taking of Alhucemas, the protectorate, strictly speaking, the conquest by crusade, of Tangier.

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To begin with, the political position of Tangier was defined by international agreement in 1906 between France, England, Spain and certain other powers, violation of which would have precipitated hostilities with several countries, against which it would have been folly to think that Spain could possibly have prevailed. In the next place, Alhucemas has not the remotest relationship with Tangier. It would be equivalent to planning the capture of Charleston as a first essential to the conquest of New York. To this is opposed the added difficulty that between Alhucemas on the Mediterranean, and Tangier on the Atlantic, lies Gibraltar, one of the great fortresses, held by a power that would have been affronted by such an act of Spain. If Unamuno disclosed such absurdities to Alfonso, it is easy to see the contempt in which the king must have held his geographical knowledge at least.

Enough has been said to show what the history of his own times would become if written by Unamuno. This does not detract from his glory as an abstract thinker. It simply demonstrates his weakness as a politician and as a planner of campaigns.

DAYS IN SWEDEN

By JAMES W. LANE

ONE OF the first things that the American traveler in Sweden will notice about the language is the curious obstacles that Swedish offers to his attempts to understand it. Of course it has, like nearly all other tongues, that globular accent, as one philosopher says, which everyone else in the world understands and unconsciously employs. But the very severe difficulties for an English-speaking traveler come from the fact that Swedish has three more vowel sounds than English. Simple "a" is often pronounced like our short "o," as in the Swedish word for street, *gatan;* "a" umlauted is pronounced as in German, like our short "e"; while "a" with the accent ° over it, the most difficult of all, is pronounced either like the sound "oo" or like our long "o," as in Skåne.

This leads us to Skåne (Sco-neh) itself, the southermost and gayest province of Sweden, as Andalusia is the gayest part of Spain. Colonel Lindbergh's grandfather was born here and under the name of Månsson, but when he emigrated to America he thought his ancestral name too Scandinavian and changed to that which the colonel has made illustrious. Perhaps the shade of him regrets the change, as Lindbergh is not an uncommon name in Sweden. At any rate, the village in which Min Herr Månsson lived nowadays probably displays more American flags than Swedish.

Skåne, from whose western coast one can at times sight Denmark across the Kattegat and Oresund, belonged for hundreds of years to the Danes. Today, with steam ferries plying between three Swedish ports and Copenhagen, which is at the most an hour and a half away, Swedes and Danes are continually visiting each other. Skåne is a land of farms, chateaux and watering-places, at which the democratic King Gutav, whenever he is there for tennis week, can be bumped into almost without your knowing who it is. Castles of the oldest noble families are numerous in Skåne, with their interesting copper-sheeted pagoda-scoop turrets, baroque pediments, and a sort of English cottage façade of brick or of stucco. There is Uranienborg, the home of Tycho Brahe, the Renaissance astronomer, on the island of Ven, and there are Trolleholm, Trolle Ljungby and Vanås, all belonging to the pre-Bernadotte nobility. Opposite the Swedish harbor of Hälsingborg, a twenty minutes' journey, lies the Danish castle of Elsinore, whose ramparts Hamlet walked—at least in Shakespeare.

The Cathedral of Lund in Skåne, a glorious monument of the Lombard-Romanesque style, and the last outpost of Catholicism in Sweden during the Reformation, does not recall the Dane. But churches of Danish origin and architecture remain at Dalby, Båstad and Ystad. Such edifices can be spotted by their cope-stones, which run into the pattern of a series of steps from the ridge-pole down. The Grundvigs Church in Copenhagen has indeed made the chief motif on its façade this cope-stone design, and many travelers with a love for architecture sail over to Denmark just to see this unusual modern church, still not completed, which adapts a traditional pattern in an original way. The façade more nearly resembles an organ loft than anything else.

Coming back across the sound over which Charles XII made his famous raid upon Denmark, to Malmö, the chief port of Skåne, one realizes that, Danish in origin though the Scandians are, their bearing is not that of the Danes. For the Danes are a more mixed race than the Swedes. But the Danes, in whose great free port of Copenhagen the merchant flags of every nation on the globe are to be seen, are cosmopolitanized, go-getting and adaptable, out of all recognition, save in language, to their Swedish cousins. Almost alone among the Scandinavian races the Swedes preserve an aristocratic dignity and hauteur, although they are at heart really democratic and simple.

Farming is the great occupation in Sweden and in Skåne it can be studied at its most prosperous. As one bicycles along the fine roads, past farmhouses aglow with flowers and vines in the summer and comfortably heated with gigantic porcelain stoves reaching to the ceiling in winter, old patriarchs of the farm will nod their friendly heads at you. The young men till the fields and are responsible for that curious fashion of tethering their black-and-white Jutland cattle in parallel lines —like the company front of a regiment on parade. The farm horses must have all Percheron blood, for I have never seen such foreshortened-looking beasts. To halt them the Swede uses a peculiar whirring sound, like a flock of large birds beating their wings, which would seem more consonant with clicking them up than with reining them in.

Notwithstanding such peculiarities, Swedish farming is modern and practical. Dairying is on a larger scale only in Denmark. While a great deal of Swedish wheat is imported from us, one hardly perceives why, with wheat fields flowing in every direction in Skåne. Canadian reapers are used and in Christianstad and Gothenburg there are grain elevators of the most attractively sophisticated modern design I have seen.

Skåne is also a vast fruit-growing country. Wherefore one is not surprised to meet scarecrows hanging in the trees! Swedish *jordgubbar* (strawberries) and *hallon* (raspberries) are superior to ours, especially if the gourmet will order with them frozen whipped cream, or *grådde.*

The delights of the cuisine in Sweden, as in Copenhagen, are engrossing. As each foreign language that he understands constitutes a different musical score in the mind of the traveler, so with the bills of fare. The great staple of the Scandinavian menu is the *smörgåsbord* or hors d'oeuvre table. I have seen it stretch a length of sixty feet, taking up one wing of a ballroom floor. You may imagine how many types of hors d'oeuvres,

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"various and manifold to the point of madness," as Chesterton says hors d'oeuvres should be, were on that table. The unwary eater has to look out for a subsequent attack of scurvy in these lands of canned and pickled fish. He will do better to go to a fish restaurant. For instance, there is one in Copenhagen where, after reaching into a tank of water, he picks out the swimming fish that has attracted him and orders it cooked. In the case of lobster he can have it done in any one of thirty-five different styles!

Usually after the *smörgåsbord* and fish the traveler will not wish to eat more. But he should save some appetite for the Swedish *pankaka,* which are, as he might judge, pancakes. No syrup is needed, however, for they are filled with the most delicious meat. The Swede generally washes down his meal with a glass of schnapps or aquavit—to be avoided by all detesters of caraway seed!—and some light beer. He has taken no cocktail, for he does not know how to make one. But at the end of his repast he is ready for a very good light native cigar or, if more merrily inclined, an amusement park. Most Swedes like to make the welkin ring in the long summer months and that accounts for the number of Luna Parks and "Wild-West Cirkus-Shows" in Sweden.

The American will therefore find many features similar to his own land. The countryside of Skåne, where it is at its most smiling, reminds the traveler of the rolling valleys of northern New York State, near Ithaca and Albany. Where it is wilder it resembles, in climate and geography, the Northwest, which is the reason, they say, that so many Swedes have settled in and around Minneapolis.

In their frigid, damp and foggy winters the Swedes keep themselves warm with gymnastics, ice-boating, ice-trotting races and skiing. In the summer it is supposed to rain only in Women's Week, the middle of July. But thunderstorms, like the weather in summertime Sweden, are moderate. The murderous-looking thunderheads which pile up in the sky very nearly every morning, reminding one that one is in northern Europe, in landscapes whose clouds De Koninck rendered with such charm, rarely come to more than gentle showers. Occasionally it will rain for the better part of a day, but this unpleasant echo of weather on the Continent is not frequent. The days are cool and it is only the Swedes' love for the South, exemplified in their care for cactus plants, their love of recondite species of orchids and their liking for fiery brunettes, that will make them sit outside at a café. For to them the sun has always been such a god that even their least significant restaurant is arranged with glass to admit a flood of enlivening beams.

Zaccheus

Zaccheus, insignificant and mean,
Scrambled up into a tree to see
(He had no dignity).
And Jesus walking by
Looked up on high
And saw Zaccheus, eager-hearted, keen
With desire to see the Christ
(He had humility).
Ah! graciousness of God!
What blessed word
Zaccheus heard
Precariously perched high in a tree:
"Come down! This day I must abide with thee."

SISTER JULIE.

FUGUE FOR MOUNTAINS

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

CHANGE in Cone is cosmic, infinite: it marches in terms of millions of years. The barrier mountains, brown and fluted, lie under the sky uncontesting, positive, tyrannous. Poised like waves that retreat, leaving a white foam, the white-capped ones suspend in white, high snows.

The hollow that holds Cone—three, ten miles across—closed in by brown hills, by snow peaks, echoes, reëchoes the sounds of Cone: a dog's bark; a ranchman's wagon lumbering heavily up the grade; a dull, infrequent voice. All the humanity that has collected in the hollow could rot, and the cleansing winds would not be tainted, so great is the pit, so small humanity.

Over Cone is breathlessness, suspense, a waiting until the earth dissolves. Brilliant winds stride through the town disdainfully as travelers through slums. The blue sky, the turquoise sky, the sun-bright sky, the sparkling, self-assertive sky, twinkles down on dingy, grey, slow-moving men. They go inside their kerosene-scented shacks and close their squeaking doors, shutting themselves off from the too-bright quicksilver sky.

An ocean of flatness lies beyond these mountains. From day-long, night-long level prairies without rise or change or height, where earth is treeless, faded, brown—earth meeting sky with a surface as undiversified as the sky's surface—from flat tablelands, the men of Cone straggled in. They saw the tall peaks of the Rockies soaring above the flatness—tallness against prairie flatness, great blocks of lapis lazuli lying before them like bribes. As they came closer, the indigo blocks turned into brown pyramids of stone; the highest ones, the snow-capped ones, bared white teeth to keep them out. Hurrying, growing breathless with thwarted steps; climbing, climbing, up and in and out and over the mountains, the men wandered—insubstantial phantoms, less real, more phantom-like in the immensity than clouds. Some came at last to Cone. They swung their packs off their shoulders and wiped their sweating brows—and stayed.

The sky is blue-black in Cone. There is something of the night there even at noon-day. Shadows of the cone-shaped cedars are so dark the shadows seem the reality, the trees the reflection.

At night the moon enters Cone, climbing swiftly over the roof of a hill to stare about. Reassured, the moonlight follows. It comes tossing wide veils of light, flying off sharply from the sides of houses, leaving black shadows at the doors. It whispers in the trembling poplars. It flashes on the fretful river.

The river can make the brown pyramids give way, can hold them apart. The sound of the river is like the sound of the sea, only less spasmodic, more constant, a rich volume of sound, a long monotone without cessation that enters the ears without filling them. Another sound strangely similar joins it from above: the sighing of the wind in the poplars, a sound with the same elusive cadence, only less continuous and more rhythmic.

The mouths of the people are mute in the silence of these sounds.

Mountain towns survive in torpor. Men—sheriffs, cowboys, sawmill laborers, a petty merchant, wanderers—stand in front of "the Store." There is a sprinkling of little girls, of barefoot boys in overalls, of women in bleak, newspaper-lined homes. All know a loneliness profound, constant, unacknowledged, loneliness that takes the form of want, of nothingness.

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Swaying over unballasted tracks, screeching around curves, the infrequent train flings its head from side to side and crawls, like a languid serpent, into Cone. Its brakes whine rebelliously at stopping, its hot breath rushes from hot nostrils. It shakes Cone as a serpent shakes a rat. For a few moments, it holds the little town in its jaws; then, roaring dully, tossing its great white fangs, it creaks bruisingly away. Rounding the ever-mounting curves, the flat-nosed engine turns toward the coaches, smoke belching from it feverishly. The blue-coated fireman leans far out of the cab window and looks back at Cone.

The events of Cone are fire, cloudburst, washout, flood. The events in the lives of its people are minute within the vastness; the beans in the bean-rows are eaten by worms; a short-horn strays aimlessly through graveled ways, stopping to sniff a blackened pile of ashes where refuse is burning in the center of the town; a hand-made burro cart rattles over the hardened ground.

Mr. Fleming sits on a stout chair in front of the store, Falstaffian in bulk, perverse in grammar. Mr. Fleming is round and shining. He owns the store. He is somewhat paralyzed. He is heavy with rheumatism. He has retreated from the mountains, from the banks of the river. He is no longer the fisherman he was. A stout cane he whittled from a cedar bough is always beside him. At his first stroke, when he was unable to stand on his feet, he had great iron hooks put in his crude chimney-piece. With straps from them, he supported himself upright while he read to Mrs. Fleming daily the words of Ezechiel:

"Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke. Yet shall thou neither mourn nor weep. Neither shall thy tears run down."

He sits facing the stately mountains. The mountains that crawl up to him and to the town like waves, are near, near; yet in an hour, if a cloudburst is coming, they are far off, nothing is seen of them. The rain's fluttering sweeps over them; they mingle with the sky.

The mountains, even the mountains, turn their backs on Cone.

Mrs. Fleming moves with difficulty about the store. She is too proud to limp. Adroit as a maker of doughnuts, as an expounder of biblical science, the treasures of her home are a stuffed wildcat, a stuffed prairie dog, a stuffed eagle with extended wing whose loose feathers tremble in the heat of the lamp.

At well-timed intervals, her parsimonious spouse remarks to her, "I'll leave you the firewood; that's enough."

Mrs. Fleming answers contentedly, "We've had soul sympathy every minute of these forty-nine years. My motto has always been, 'For'ard and On'ard.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming have one refrain in common: both are counting on "movin' to the Coast." They await, they tell you, the purchaser of their property. From day to day, from year to year, they await him—on the next train, the next. Once, it is said, they did, in truth, secure a purchaser, they did fulfil their dream, they did "git out o' Cone." The next summer they were back, they resumed their ownership of the store, they resumed as well their longing for that desired and mystical region they called "the Coast." Their actual going there and failing there had no reality for them, were things they had not done.

Mr. Fleming sits on. The mountains close in about him. A ranchman from far up the gully drives a load of slabs over a sun-baked trail, a burro brays, the far-off train whistle sounds. The sun, in yellow flame, goes down.

COMMUNICATIONS

PROBLEMS OF THE NEGRO

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In the July 29 issue of THE COMMONWEAL I noticed a communication referring to the article, "Problems of the Negro," by Dom Augustine Walsh—more specifically a reference to the recent establishment of the Newman Club at Howard University. For fear that our intentions may have been misconstrued, I will attempt to outline the basis upon which the branch was organized.

The condition prevailing at Howard was as follows. There were a number of Catholic students there. They had never been gathered into a student group, and were receiving no religious instruction of the kind that is suited to meet their special needs. Many of these students on arrival have no Catholic contacts in the city. When the opportunity for an organization came, it was welcomed as peculiarly suited to meet these conditions. There is no attempt on the part of the Newman Club to take away from Negro Catholic institutions any student who finds courses offered in them adequate to meet his or her aspirations in life. Rather, what we are trying to do is to give to those Catholic students who come to Howard (because they cannot get their desired courses at the church schools), spiritual instruction to meet the difficulties of the present day. Catholic students coming to Howard for pre-medical, pre-legal, or educational training do so to a large degree because they are unable to obtain this training at Catholic institutions. They are not permitted to matriculate at the larger white Catholic schools; hence the formation of what we then believed to be a group for social and spiritual as well as educational advancement. It is a mistake to assume that this work is enroaching upon the field of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute and similar schools.

We are not attempting to turn Howard into a Catholic unit, nor do we see the necessity of creating a problem by forcing all Negroes into Catholic schools. We believe that a properly functioning Newman Club will sufficiently care for the needs of the Catholic students in residence there.

In reference to rural education among Negroes, we believe that each type has its specific place in the advancement of the Negro, and we have nothing but praise for the work going on at Cardinal Gibbons. On the other hand, we are of the opinion that the spiritual education of those who choose Howard must not be neglected.

CHARLES E. MILES,
President of Howard University Newman Club.

CATHOLICS AND GRADUATE STUDY

Fall River, Mass.

TO the Editor: Mr. Lischka's letter in the issue of August 5, anent graduate studies, gives rise to some objections. It is true, as he says, that "technique can never serve as a successful substitute for talent," but technique and systematic training added to natural ability produce a well-trained man, a leader of thought even though in a limited field, granted that: "Given native talent, intensive preparatory and college training, a continued studious disposition: and a man needs not to be taught any stale method of research. He will develop his own system." Yet how much valuable time was lost from lack of technique and proper methods of research. Years perhaps have been spent obtaining what the well-trained man had when he started out.

If we applied this principle to other fields outside the educational field, what would be the result? Take for instance the surgeon. Would we not have more confidence in a man who

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has learned the technique and methods of his profession than in a man who by his own practice and experimenting (if that were possible) has developed "his own system"? Have we not more confidence in the lawyer who has learned the technique and methods of legal training than in a man who was self-trained for the bar?

Even Cicero recognized the needs of systematic training. In his oration "Pro Archia" he admits that some men without much systematic training, provided that they have great natural ability, can reach to a certain height, but he adds that when to an excellent natural ability there is added a certain system and training (a technique if you will), there results a superior person.

In regard to the "proper capacity of the students" I would say that in all universities this is not true. At the Catholic University (I mention this university, because of Catholic colleges, it is the one I have most knowledge of, as four of my family hold degrees from there) no mediocre student can get along in the graduate school. Take the field of chemistry that Father Ahern mentioned. I do not think there is a university in the country, that has a higher standard than the Catholic University in this field. The same is undoubtedly true of Dr. Deferrari's own department, the classics. The work done in that department is receiving international recognition.

Mr. Lischka seems to imply that training for research precludes a general, cultural education. Now the contrary is true. Besides the training in research, embodied in the dissertation, a candidate for a doctorate at the Catholic University must pass an examination in both French and German and, besides the written examinations, must pass, before at least five examiners, an oral examination covering the whole field of his major and minor studies. Surely this entails "the mastery and maintenance of established truth."

This discussion, however modern its trend may be, is really a phase of an old problem. About nineteen hundred years ago, Seneca, treating of this subject, said in one of his letters: "Much still remains to do, and much will always remain, and he who shall be born a thousand ages hence will not be barred from his opportunity of adding something further. But even if the old masters have discovered everything, one thing will be always new—the application and the scientific study and classification of the discoveries made by others."

M. M. A.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In a recent communication in THE COMMONWEAL on graduate research in chemistry, Reverend M. J. Ahern, S.J., quotes the National Research Council as crediting Marquette University with twenty-three students engaged in this work. In the original report of the council, the only entry I can find for Marquette is three for the medical school. Doubtless Father Ahern has other sources of information.

JOHN R. HILL.

THE EXPOSITION AT PARIS

St. Pierre et Miquelon.

TO the Editor: In your issue of July 1, it was stated that Marshal Lyautey is a Protestant. How can anyone have been deceived in such a way?

While general of the Tenth Army Corps in Rennes, Lyautey attended Mass every day; and during his long and successful stay in Morocco, he was at High Mass every Sunday with officers of his staff, all of them in uniform. I wonder how a Protestant could be so practical a Catholic?

REV. J. CARDINAL.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

After Tomorrow

THE SEASON has begun to stir slightly. It has been exceptionally late in getting under way, due partly, perhaps, to the absence of Belasco's leadership. Mr. Belasco always made it a habit to open one of his more sophisticated plays about the middle of August, and managers in general acquired the habit of waiting for his signal. This year, John Golden is one of the first managers to light up his theatre, with a play by Hugh Stange. In its authorship, Mr. Golden himself has collaborated. This play, called "After Tomorrow," is an affair of considerable homely comedy to which has been added an overdose of tears and a final touch of tragic feeling. The play itself is not a tragedy, for the tragic event of the last act does not affect irrevocably the lives of the two main characters. In fact, it helps to adjust some of their apparently insuperable difficulties. But the play as a whole is one of intended pathos, in which the authors have almost exceeded their intentions.

Because this play has some exceptionally fine spots, because its intentions are honest, if occasionally mistaken, and because its mistakes serve admirably to illustrate the utterly clouded state of mind through which we are passing, it is well worth examining closely. Its main theme is the struggle, against innumerable odds, of a young clerk and a girl to save up enough money to get married. The girl is afflicted with a selfish and self-pitying mother and has been obliged to work since she was fourteen in order to help out the family budget. Her father is an amiable and lovable failure, with part of his failure attributable to his wife's nagging bitterness. The boy has a widowed mother who refers to herself as a "mother bird" and who is inwardly appalled at the thought of her boy leaving his nest. Without realizing it, she is so jealous of her future daughter-in-law that she will not consider sharing housekeeping expenses or in any other way ceasing to be a drag on her son's meager earning power. When the play opens, the boy and girl have already been engaged about three years, and although they have contrived to save up a few hundred dollars, there is no prospect of an income sufficient to keep two households going.

The plot developments are simple and perhaps obvious. The girl's mother has become infatuated with an elderly bank clerk who is boarding in their basement apartment. The boy has unexpected success in getting a new job at a higher salary and the wedding is about to take place when the girl's mother runs off with her bank clerk, who has stolen some of the bank's funds, and her husband, on finding out what has happened, suffers a paralytic stroke. This leaves the boy and girl burdened with hospital and doctors' bills and an indefinite postponement of their marriage. The last act comes after the father's partial recovery from his stroke. He is tragically conscious of what his illness means to his daughter, but hoping still, and pathetically, that his wife will return. Instead, she sends a message through her sister, saying that she is about to sail for South America, and asking him to accept a $1,000 bond for the sake of the children's happiness. The bond, of course, represents stolen money as well as a gift from the man who has ruined his home. He refuses at first, but yields at last to the argument that by pretending to his daughter that this was money which her mother had always kept as an emergency reserve, he can relieve the young pair of their responsibility and allow them to start life at last unhampered. He takes the bond, gives it to his daughter and then dies just before the last curtain.

This brief outline of the story is necessary to an understanding of why the play fails to achieve that note of pathetic bravery evidently intended by the authors. The episode of the stolen bond, which is supposed to serve as the solution of an impossible situation, is really quite unnecessary. The boy and girl, whose characters, by the way, are delineated with exceptional skill, sympathy and honest feeling, do not actually need this particular bit of assistance in order to meet their problem. The boy's mother has already fallen in love with a well-to-do widower, so that she will no longer be a burden on her son. The girl's father knows this, even before he accepts the bond. By taking the invalid father to live with them, the young couple could easily manage to get along. They could do what thousands of other couples have had to do, and marry without the extra security of a sizable savings account. They have quite enough character and bravery to go through with such a situation. Moreover, the father's health is such that he would probably not remain with them for long. The authors possibly felt that it was an extra touch of pathos to have the father forced to humiliate himself to this extent, but, if so, they have overlooked the larger issue of maintaining integrity of theatrical illusion. A huge sacrifice made to meet an emergency that does not actually exist, and especially a sacrifice involving a compromise with honesty, can never ring true in the theatre, for the good and sufficient reason that it does not ring true in life. It is lowering pathos to bathos.

This central error in the writing of the play, which probably accounted, even if unconsciously, for the general critical comment that the play overdid its tearful aspects, cannot blind us, however, to many of its points which reach an exceptionally high plane for this type of middle-class struggle. The authors handle the problem of the young engaged couple with downright frankness, especially the danger involved in the interminable waiting, but they also manage to give an amazingly fine picture of two types of young people in sharp contrast to the tabloid mood of the day. Both the boy and the girl think cleanly and act cleanly. They do not pretend that wild ideas never enter their heads, but through meeting these ideas frankly and coming to grips with them, they manage in their half articulate way to hold fast to everything that will count for them in years to come. At a time when the play world is shot through with themes that tend to excuse anything and everything on the grounds of love, it is a blessed relief to find a play which carries a sound idea not merely in the negative sense of ignoring temptation entirely but also in the positive sense of meeting a real issue with frankness, courage and unpretentious idealism.

No small part of the success of this play—for it does succeed until almost the end of the last act in maintaining high interest—is due to the cast which Mr. Golden has brought togother. Josephine Hull as the boy's "mother bird" and Donald Meek (of course) as the girl's father are both ideal cases of type casting for the simple reason that both these veterans have a range far exceeding the parts assigned to them. Barbara Robbins, whose first appearance of importance on Broadway was in Bolitho's "Overture" last year, confirms the impression she then made of being one of the most valuable recruits of many years. As the girl, she gives the character all the pathos it needs without once relaxing into weakness or oversentimentality. She also has a large reserve force which she knows how to use with admirable restraint. Marjorie Garrett as the run-away wife and impossibly cruel mother does the best to be expected with the one entirely defective characterization of the play. This mother, as written down in the script, is never believable for an instant. (At the John Golden Theatre.)

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BOOKS

It Moves

Galileo, by Emile Namer; translated by Sibyl Harris. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.75.

TOWARD the end of the nineteenth century the perpetual secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Bertrand, himself a great mathematician, well versed in the history of science, after looking carefully into the life of Galileo declared that his long career of devotion to science was not only successful but happy: "The tale of his misfortunes has confirmed the triumph of the truth for which he suffered. Let us tell the whole story. This great lesson was learned without any profound sorrow to Galileo, and his long life considered as a whole was one of the most serene and enviable in the history of science."

This latest biographer of Galileo, Emile Namer, differs emphatically with M. Bertrand. He sees everything from the angle that the Church was bitterly opposed to science, presumably for the reason that advance in science weakened faith, and was therefore ready to condemn Galileo because he was the leading scientist of his day: "Galileo was the destroyer of Scholasticism," which Namer defines in the words of Renan, the French rationalist, as "that insanity composed of the misunderstanding of the Bible and of Aristotle." Such exaggerations and extreme points of view are not likely to commend this new life of Galileo to any but fanatics.

Galileo's own letter to his intimate friend and disciple, the well-known Father Renieri, in which he described just how he was treated at Rome and how he felt as the result of this treatment, is the cardinal historical document of the trial. Among other things he says: "I was lodged in the delicious palace of Trinita dei Monte with the ambassador of Tuscany." He adds: "At length I was compelled as a good Catholic to retract my opinion. As a punishment the 'Dialogues' were prohibited, and I was detained about five months in Rome in consequence of an epidemic which was ravaging Florence at that time. The pestilence having ceased in Florence, I was permitted to return about the beginning of December, and I now enjoy the sweet solitude of my native land. . . . "

No wonder that Huxley wrote to St. George Mivart from Rome that he had been looking into the Galileo case and that he found that the Pope and the cardinals had rather the better of it. Of all this other side of the case there is no hint in the latest Galileo biography. It is little better than an old-fashioned antireligious tract.

JAMES J. WALSH.

A Salad of Figures

Economic Behavior, by W. E. Atkins and others. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes, $8.50.

FOR THE layman there has not been written a better book on economics than "Economic Behavior." The orthodox economist is not going to like it; the professor of political economy who delights in teaching rigid laws and principles is not going to like it; nor is the ardent defender of all that is good and bad in the present economic order going to like it. One would scarcely recognize in it "the dismal science." The approach is institutional, giving, as the authors claim, "more adequate recognition to the customs and institutions of our economy and more space to descriptions which will seem real to students and will interest them." There seems to be no reason to doubt that the work will prove exceedingly interesting to students; it has a place

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in every elementary economics course. Because of its cost, its use as a reference book rather than as a text will be found desirable.

It would be unfair in a critic to expect a book of this kind to include full and conclusive treatments of all problems handled, but there are current economic problems that should receive the consideration that their timeliness and importance warrant. From this point of view one notes a certain inadequacy in the treatment of social insurance. Fourteen out of the entire 1,050 pages are given to a consideration of insurance against the four great risks of industry. Does this not demonstrate amazing deference to an age which demands a maximum of miniatures?

Then, of course, there is a brief treatment of "Population." Earlier in the work one is prepared for the authors' approach to this subject by the following: "In England we find a definite attempt to control population [i.e. among labor unions] through encouraging emigration and through opening birth-control clinics. These are simply illustrations of the informed pursuit of enlightened self-interest." Malthus is revivified for the occasion. It is strange how this erstwhile rejected prophet of the annihilation of the human race through starvation is once again finding favor. But then, anything to bolster up the case for contraception will do. The old voice of Malthus uttered through these pages, however, does seem a bit thin and uncertain. While the authors attempt to terrify us at the exploitation of the stork, they pass over the impending catastrophe to quote Father John A. McClorey to the effect that contraception is all wrong anyway.

The chapters on "Property", "Helping and Hurting Business," "Public Utilities" and "Government Ownership" are eminently fair and sane. Finally, the chapters on consumption will amaze bargain-hunters and shoppers; they reveal with extraordinary frankness the pathetic innocence and helplessness of the buyer subjected to all the humbuggery of modern advertising and salesmanship.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

Celtic Distinctions

Synge and Anglo-Irish Literature, by Daniel Corkery. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.00.

TO THOSE who know the work of Mr. Daniel Corkery, it is self-evident that he could not write badly. But one is relatively surprised to come upon a book so good as this—so distinguished for poise, knowledge and experience. Little better criticism is being written in these times, though many knit their brows and sweat over the judicious job far more visibly than Mr. Corkery does. His subject is accepted first of all for its own sake, just as the special artistic genius of Synge, and then seen in representative perspective.

"Many writers," says Mr. Corkery, "have noted that Synge stands apart from his contemporaries in Anglo-Irish literature." But how? And is the matter important? "The Ascendancy," we are told, "for hundreds of years had been divorced from the Irish nation; at Ireland and at all things Irish it had girded so long that at last, in Standish O'Grady's phrase, it had come to laugh with foreign jaws at whatever was native to the soil." The meaning of a conceivable literature truly Irish, and therefore respecting the religious, national and rural motifs which are everywhere interwoven with Irish life, is a theme on the back of which Mr. Corkery gets down to Synge. His book thus really falls apart, having one general and one specific purpose. I regret this accident because it may keep some people from realizing that the volume is not essentially a pamphlet, but it obviously happened naturally and necessarily. As a foreigner

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who has never visited Ireland, who discerns neither rhyme nor reason in the struggle between differing conceptions which rages there, but who has endeavored for years to find out what Irish letters are really trying to say, I should like to testify that Mr. Corkery's book is by all odds the clearest window to have been opened on the scene. For the first time one is shown what really is the matter with Anglo-Irish literature; why there has been a dearth of fiction; and why the specifically Catholic belles-lettres of the country are so incredibly bad. Not knowing enough about the matter to judge, I assume that Mr. Corkery is sometimes wrong; but from a literary point of view he is right because he offers the only hypothesis which explains.

The chapters devoted to Synge and his plays are all very well done. Perhaps the best of them is devoted to "The Playboy of the Western World," because it affords the author his supreme chance to make the distinctions upon which he correctly lays stress. But to be sure the most appealing part of the book is that which portrays the man—Synge was such a fine, interesting fellow, and his critic has all a novelist's ability to make us see his character. Possibly, here and there, Mr. Corkery loses time by running after controversial hares, but there are not many pages (including the debating ones) I should like to have missed. That Synge is an important writer, though hardly great for the things one group of critics used to praise in him, seems established.

Perhaps this volume is important in still another way. One of the publications of the Cork University Press, it testifies to a newly active, virile and fine-minded intelligence.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Turbulent Russia

Provocateur: A Historical Novel of the Russian Terror, by Roman Gul; authorized translation by L. Zarine, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

FOR AN outsider, not aware of the hidden currents at work during the last twenty years of the czarist régime in Russia, this narrative will be interesting to read. But for those aware of the existence and nature of these same undercurrents, it tells nothing new, and leaves untold many things which could with advantage have been included. The story is founded on fact—as it appeared in the newspapers at different times, not as it existed in reality. So that a reasonable doubt arises as to the sources of the author's information, particularly since he has omitted the most salient features of both Savinkoff's and Azef's revolutionary activity.

In regard to the former, there are still people who assert that he never committed suicide in prison, but was done away with by the Bolsheviks, who feared that should he escape he might reveal certain facts concerning their political activity. And as concerns Azef, there is no doubt that while serving the Terrorist party, he remained in the pay of czarist police, until he was found out by Lopoukhyn, director of the Russian secret political service, who had the courage to expose him.

There is action in this book, but not enough. Like so many Russian novels, it is too long and difficult to follow. Its sense of unreality is at times surprising, especially in view of the fact that the events it relates are mostly true. It is a contribution to revolutionary literature interesting for those who care for that kind of reading. But there are many other modern Russian books easier to peruse than this record of the sayings and doings of a class of people upon whom one can only look with the contempt and disgust which all spies deserve.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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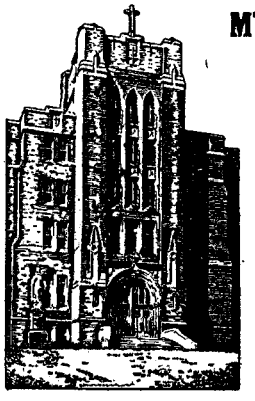

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Briefer Mention

Ruy Blas, by Victor Hugo; modernized in English verse by Brian Hooker, with an introduction by Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

VICTOR HUGO'S famous play, though not the great tragedy that its author thought it, is certainly magnificent melodrama. To have heard Lambert declaim the sonorous rhetoric of the speech to the ministers at the Comédie Française is to have had a thrilling experience, to which the ecstatic applause of the audience contributed not a little. Mr. Hooker has dealt boldly with the text, more boldly than he dealt with "Cyrano," since the technique of the older play seemed to demand it. The result is a highly successful version in thoroughly English verse. One looks forward to the presentation by Mr. Walter Hampden which Mr. Hamilton promises us in an admirably illuminating introduction.

Tales of Rod and Gun; compiled by Harry McGuire. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

SPORTSMEN are at it again—or soon will be—and might as well put a copy of Mr. McGuire's book somewhere in their belongings. It is a selection from the available literature of open-air stories, nearly all notable for some charm of style, character or incident. Hunting and fishing both receive attention, and yet there isn't a really "tall" yarn in the lot. We confess to liking Ben Burbridge's "Tembo!" and Arthur V. Taylor's "Uncle Jim's Last Salmon" particularly. On the other hand, a dash of Richard Halliburton seemed rather a weak finish. It is a genuinely entertaining collection, which the editor tells us grew out of a decision "to search the whole field of outdoor literature in America to find stories one dreams about."

Verbal Concordance to the New Testament, by Reverend Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Baltimore: John Murphy Company. $3.75.

A CONCORDANCE is a necessity for priests, Scripture students, and others who need to locate quickly passages from Holy Writ. As far as we are aware, this is the first to be published for the Rheims Version of the New Testament. It fulfills its purpose admirably, and one hopes that a similar one for the Douay Old Testament will follow. Both have been very much needed.

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